



issue number 168 may/june02 free for jocks and whores

The image shows the front cover of 'Offbeat' magazine. The title 'Offbeat' is printed in a large, bold, black serif font. Below it, the word 'magazine' is written in a smaller, lowercase, sans-serif font. The background is a light-colored, textured surface, possibly paper or fabric, with a prominent, irregular red stain or graphic element that runs diagonally across the middle. There are several small, dark square marks scattered around the text and the red graphic. The overall aesthetic is gritty and artistic.

Offbeat

magazine

submission
hold

small brown bike

sixty
stories

G8 Protest info
monsieur

guy
3 inches
of Blood

The Gig Guide

SCREWS

- Sunday May 12th -The Gossip (Kill Rock Stars) and Three Inches of Blood @ Thursdays \$6 advance @ Ditch
- Thursday May 16th -The Corb Lund Band @ Lucky Bar. \$8.
 -Belvedere with Darryl's Grocery Bag & Shortfall @ The Cambie
 -Run Chico Run and Good Nite Irene @ Thursdays \$5
- Friday May 17th -Christine Fellows with Ron Urset @ Lucky Bar
 -Charlie Cooper, Grant MacIntosh, & Blue Moon @ the Cambie
 -Satanic Surfers w/ Belvedere, Moneyshot, Darryl's Grocery Bag @ Pandora Project; 7:00 PM Tix \$10
 -Mark Farina w/ lux & mo, ryan chamberlain @ Sugar
 -Swollen Members w/ Moka Only, Abstract rude, code name Scorpion, DJ murge @ Vic Curling Club; Tix \$22
 -The Waifs @ Lucky Bar; Tix \$12
- Fri/Sat May 17-18th -Acoustica Festival @ Thursdays
- Saturday May 18th -Mad Bomber Society w/ Bloodwarmers, Street Prophet Union, The Hoodwinks @ The Cambie; Tix: Lyle's Place, Ditch, A&B Sound, The Cambie. \$10
 The Puentes Brothers w/ Camille Miller and Nick Hagger @ The Ingy \$15 adv / \$18 door Tix: The Ingy, A&B Sound, & Lyle's Place
- Monday May 20th -Christine Fellows with guest Rob Urset @ Thursdays. \$5
- Thursday May 23rd -Ghost Town Drive with guests @ Thursdays. \$6
 -DOA with Mickey Christ and Moneyshot @ The Cambie

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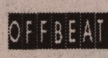
BLOODWARMERS
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 2002**

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- Friday May 24th -Frank Black & the Catholics + guests
 @ Sugar Nightclub
- Saturday May 25th -Right to Resist featuring Submission Hold, Five
 O'Clock Shadow, Radical Cheerleaders, The Din
 @ Little Fernwood; 7:00 PM; Tix \$5
- Young and Sexy (Mint) with Frog Eyes
 @ Thursdays
- Monday May 27th -Chore (Sonic Unyon)
 @ Thursdays
- Thursday May 30th -McGnarley's Rant with guests
 @ Thursdays. \$6
- Friday May 31st -Duotang (Mint) w/ guests Operation Makeout
 @ Thursdays. \$7
 -All Skanadian Tour featuring the Kingpins,
 General Rudie, Chris Murray @ Lucky
- Friday June 7th -A Luna Red (Vancouver-members of Radio Berlin)
 + guests @ Thursdays
- Friday June 21st -The Organ (Vancouver) with Frog Eyes + guests
 @ Thursdays
- Tuesday, June 25th -Antibalas @ Legends (Victoria Jazz Festival)
 -Get Hustle (Kill Rock Stars/GSL Records) with
 guests @ Thursdays
- Monday, July 1st -Xiu Xiu (San Jose-5RC Records) with Frog Eyes
 @ Thursdays
- Saturday July 6th -Champion, Hmsa, Pr 23 @ Tba (all ages); 6:30
 PM; Tix \$8

of the diameter of its shank.

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Cheques or money order should be made payable to CFUV RADIO. QUOTE OF THE MONTH: "I'm tired of working for a shitty hack rag for little or no pay" -anonymous ALSO: ANACONDA!!!!!!!



Submission Hold:

Submission Hold have influenced my ideas about music and politics since I first saw them back in highschool. After seeing them play at Burnside back in February, I managed to contact their guitarist for an interview about the state of the band and the world.

Me: I haven't seen you in way too long, and was really impressed with the extensive use of screwdrivers and paintbrushes and other cool stuff in a couple of the songs. How long have you been doing that and how did it start?

Stephe: I think that business started after coming back from Europe in early '99. I saw some free-improv sessions over there that really kicked my ass. I saw the two guitarists for The Ex using screwdrivers when they opened for us as an improv duo, so that's where that idea came from. I also heard some prepared piano pieces that John Cage did in the late '40s where he had put screws and pieces of rubber in a grand piano in order to get percussive sounds. It seemed intriguing. After we got back from Europe, Andy, Kirsten and I started jamming with a sax player doing whacked out 'anything goes' free-improv. That group didn't stay together long, but we continued doing that style of jam and some of those sounds worked their way into our songs.

Me: When we spoke at the show, you mentioned something about performing that kind of stuff with some other musicians on the CBC?

Stephe: Well, that's sort of right. I've been playing with some other musicians. Also the instrumental part of Sub Hold has also been performing a bit doing free music. We call ourselves The Din when we do that. We played our first show when Kirsten was visiting from England. Since then we've performed two more times adding a fourth member since Kirsten is gone. We performed once with a pianist/midi effects player, and once with a violinist.

The CBC thing was a New Music (contemporary classical) project that I got hooked up with through school. A composer named Jon Sidall put together a group composed of 5 electric guitarists and 3 electric bassists which he called "The New Form Orchestra". He wrote a 20 minute piece for the group which was recorded at the CBC here in Vancouver. I was one of the guitarists.

Me: Maybe you're sick of being asked about the baby with the cool name, if so, you can just skip this question, but I thought I'd ask how that's going. I'm not sure what exactly I'm asking here, but maybe you could just talk about how everyone is adapting to having someone new around. What about touring and that sort of thing?

Stephe: Well, from my perspective Andy and Jen seem to have settled well into their roles as punk parents and seem to be really happy these days. Sam Danger is a happy, cute little guy who laughs a lot and likes

weird noises and good music. So far the effect on the band has been positive as well in that we seem more focused because we don't have as much free time to muck around. We have to get child-care when we play and we have to pay attention to things like second hand smoke and noise at shows. It's a little more work and requires being more organized. As far as touring it's going to mean shorter tours, probably limited to three weeks, and we're going to have to take a roadie and a nanny. So far having Sam around has been a really positive thing. Kids have a really cool energy that can't help but rub off on you. It's inspiring.

Me: On the February 21st show, I sensed a little bit of hostility towards B.C.'s current provincial government, feelings echoed by some pretty huge crowds over the following two days. Being in a band, you have the ability to express yourself and actually have people listen to what you're saying, at least some of the time. How else do you get your ideas (and frustrations) out? I think you used to have a radio show on CITR, and I assume Food Not Bombs is still carrying on as usual?

Stephe: Right now, the band is primarily how we get our frustrations out. It's kind of an emotional and political therapy. We wind up doing a lot of benefits and shows where we try to raise awareness for different issues. As well, we often make an effort to make our shows a bit of an event either culturally or politically. As a result a lot of the shows tend to be multi-media or at least cover a bit of ground musically. The band takes a lot of time and with school and work there isn't a lot of free time left over, so we're not involved in as many politically based projects as we once were. We do, however, try to get in the streets when we're needed and help out with other projects to the best of our abilities. Andy and I have been lucky to find paid work that doesn't bankrupt us morally. Jen was working with Food Not Bombs recently. They still serve once a week in Vancouver. I did a radio show for a few years and the collective is still going although I am no longer with them. Its called Stark Raven and is on CQ-OP radio (CFRO) Mondays at 7:00 pm., available on cable in Victoria.

Me: What are your feelings on the February 23rd demonstration, as well as the recent large-scale protests in Quebec City and elsewhere in the world?

Stephe: The demo on the 23rd was what it was. I was a bit dismayed by the fact that the rally was organized while the legislature was closed. Campbell and the Liberals are an arrogant bunch and I doubt they bothered

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Right To Resist

By Jonathan Crossen

to hear what was being communicated at the rally. Campbell himself said that he would be home watching the Olympics while the rally was happening. I'm really appalled at his arrogance. He's truly an asshole. Regardless, it was inspiring to be a part of a crowd of that size coming together on a common issue, and I think a lot of people were empowered by the effect. Hopefully it will be a bit of a doorway for people's awareness and involvement. I liked the carnival atmosphere as well. It seems that what has been happening over the last few years in Seattle, Quebec City, Genoa, Washington D.C., etc. is a growth in a culture of resistance. Things have definitely slowed down in the last months what with everybody and their dog being labeled a terrorist for having any criticism whatsoever of U.S. foreign policy, but I hope that we can all stick with what was building before Sept. 11th and continue on that path of resistance rather than cave in to the sentimentality and vitriolic patriotism western mainstream media has been pumping out.

Me: I think it's safe to say that politics in this province, other provinces and really the whole world are pretty screwed up right now. Personally, I think it's scary as hell, and things seem to be getting more insane every day. What are you most concerned with at the moment and what do you think needs to happen to turn the tide?

Stephe: Ya, there's some crazy shit going down right now. Maybe the most important thing right now is to develop an awareness of what is happening. Bush's war on terrorism, Campbell's economic policy, Israel's occupation of Palestine; all of these things are related. I think it's important to develop an ability to see the connections between these things.

The changes that Gordon Campbell is pushing through right now aren't some isolated policies of one compassionless crackpot. What's happening now is a shift to a different economically driven political ideology. The economic policies we're seeing now were put through in New Zealand years ago then came to Canada through the Klein and Harris governments in Alberta and Ontario respectively. The results in New Zealand, by the way, have been disastrous to all but a few very wealthy people. The military actions being taken by the Bush and Sharon are related to this as well. These guys are opportunists manipulating public sentimentality to push through their very right-wing political agendas. It's about money and power and we're seeing less and less lip service given to things like

human rights: the right to food, education, homes, fulfilling work, access to power. I've always been critical of government for not representing huge numbers of marginalized people, and now we seem to be moving towards a system which is even less democratic. The new trade agreements and their legislative bodies are moving even more power towards non-elected people. I wonder at what point do we admit to ourselves that we are no longer living in anything resembling a democratic society? That being said, I feel that now is actually a really interesting time. It's important not to get completely overwhelmed by 'the big picture'. We still individually have options and it is becoming more and more clear to people that those in power, including many of our elected officials and union leaders, actually feel disdain for us. That knowledge gives us a great opportunity to connect with the people we work with and live with to organize positive things ourselves. The ideal result would be the creation of a resistance culture based on positivity and tolerance rather than self-interest, retribution and greed.

I remember reading something once that it would be great if everyone in the world simultaneously decided that governments, police and authority figures were completely irrelevant. If we didn't give them any power it would be extremely difficult for them to retain it. Look at what happened in Serbia, where Milosovich tried to claim victory in an election that everyone knew he didn't win. The Serbs pretty much threw his ass out of office. So if everyone just up and said, "I'm sorry, but you're irrelevant. Go away." It would be beautiful. I know it's a bit flaky and idealistic, but I feel like if we start acting positively and making positive changes in our own communities this kind of scenario might be possible in time. Even if it's not possible to effect things on the larger scale right now, we'd at least have pockets of freedom within the larger structure. Plus I have a funny feeling that others will continue where we left off.

Submission Hold are playing the Little Fernwood (1923 Fernwood rd) on May 25th with AK-47 and The Din as part of "Right to Resist: A Celebration of Stickin' It to the Man"





Sixty Stories

Being the shy, socially-inadequate boy that I am, I've only rarely worked up the nerve to talk to local bands. When I was asked to interview Jo Snyder, I was a little intimidated. Jo is the lead vocalist and guitar player for a great band called Sixty Stories. They're based out of Winnipeg, home of so much amazing music, and their drummer, Paul, used to play in the now-defunct and greatly-missed band Painted Thin. So much pressure... Had it not been a phone interview, I'm not sure whether I could have handled it, but when I actually got her on the line, I confidently pretended the opposite.

"Sorry we have to do this over the phone," I said. "I really prefer to interview face to face. I have seen the band play though, a two or three years ago in Vancouver....."

We spent a few minutes trying to figure out where and when exactly I had seen them (I have a bad memory for that sort of thing).

Don't take it to mean that they weren't a memorable performance...Quite the opposite. I hadn't even heard of them a week earlier, but I was so impressed with their first show that I went to another all-ages show the very next night at Seylynn Hall in North Van. The second night, I came prepared with extra cash intended for the purchase of a tape. I think the fact that they were still selling cassette tapes in 1999 somehow added character to the band. I've always respected the DIY punk ethic, even when it seems quaint. So I bought the tape packaged with cool artwork, only to discover when I returned home that there was nothing on it. Sixty Stories had sold me a completely blank cassette.

"Oh No! We did? I think we might have accidentally sold a hundred of those. Then we sold one to a friend of ours who let us know. That's so embarrassing."

She offered to send me another tape, but I confessed I'd long since dubbed my friend's

copy (he'd been lucky enough to buy one with music on it). I figure that's perfectly ethical piracy since I'd paid for it, right? At any rate, the ice was broken so I got on with the interview and asked about their latest tour.

"We toured all last fall from September to November. We went to Germany for all of November. That was amazing. There's a whole network over there that you can play through. Great people. A number of Painted Thin's albums were produced in Germany, so Paul knew some of the people over there and the guy who organized all the shows. We're hoping to go back again next November and do kind of the same thing."

The fall tour teamed Sixty Stories up with the always wacky Atom and His Package and now they're about to tour alongside fellow Smallman Recording artists Moneen, hyperactive rockers from Brampton, Ontario. When asked about their eccentric touring partners, Jo calmly described Atom as "such



by McFly

a cool person" and Moneen as "very nice boys." The fall tour netted the band fans and friends all over. "We were in Kalamazoo, Michigan and met some amazing people, so we decided to stay for three days. They booked us an extra concert that wasn't on our itinerary after a big Weezer show. So we tried to get Weezer and Jimmy Eat World to come to the show after. We were like little kids. We managed to get through to Jimmy Eat World, but they didn't come. Weezer... those guys have a lot of security... I hadn't even heard there was (a Weezer tribute album). I know their new album is coming out soon. I doubt it will be very good, but I'll probably buy it anyway. We're all pretty big fans in this band."

The topic of 'superfans' got me thinking about Winnipeg. I have some kind of weird fetish for the city, encouraged partly by old trains and Co-op grain elevators, but mostly by their music. In February, Sixty Stories played a show with the Weakerthans and Greg MacPherson, all in their own home town. Due to lack of space, I'm not going to list off all the other great bands coming from Manitoba's fine capital, but I assure you there are plenty. But why Winnipeg? Why have a flat landscape and long freezing winters combined to produce such great music? Did Jo have the answer?

"I'm not totally sure myself. If I had to guess... I think there's a really strong community of musicians here, and they all support each other. So that helps to churn out more great musicians." "Do you think growing up in Winnipeg influenced your music?"

"Actually, I grew up in Ontario. I've only been in Winnipeg since 1998, so I'm going to have to answer a big 'No' to that question, but I feel really fortunate that I was able to come here and find this community."

Clearly not having done my research, I quickly tried to change the topic to avoid further embarrassment. I had recently checked out the band website and found a letter from Paul to CBC's Jonovision, claiming to be a fan and asking to make an appearance on the show. I'm still depressed that I missed Jonovision's Degrassi Reunion show a couple years ago and I was worried I'd missed a Sixty Stories performance as well.

"We corresponded with them for a while, but they told us we were too old. Since it's a 'teen show' and obviously, none of us are teens. Keli, our bass player at the time, and I could probably have passed for teenagers but Paul... [laughter] there's no way. Then the show came to town and we missed it. I guess we were on tour or something. So we didn't even get to see it." Are you going to continue touring all summer?

"No, we're planning on recording this summer, so that the new album will be ready for another tour next fall. It should be pretty well the same as past albums, though maybe a little more poppy. It's still going to be loud and we're still working hard on the melodies. And we use the computer a lot now, instead of a

keyboard and it works out great. There should be more of that kind of stuff on the new album."

And that was about the end of the interview. It all went pretty smoothly, and Jo even offered to put me on the guestlist at their show in May. Unfortunately, I'm not sure if I'll be in town to see them, though I've got my fingers crossed.

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URGE STUDIOS



the
Finest
in
Custom
Tattooing
and
Body
Piercing

Monsieur Guy: Artist, Visionary, Hairdresser?

by Zeta L.

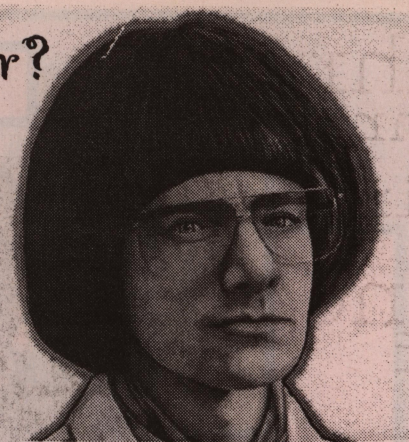
You know that feeling when you come across an album that's fun? When just listening to it makes you smile and giggle? It's not very often (at least for me) that an album can actually have you laughin, but Monsieur Guy's first release "I Don't Know What Love Is" has me giggling like a schoolgirl.

A little while ago Offbeat's editor handed me Monsieur Guy's CD saying, "I think you'll like this". Well, I didn't really think much about it, ho hummed a bit, and then threw it in the CD player. The synths had fun playful melodies, the title to the tracks were quirky and as I listened more closely, the vocal samples were humorously pieced together. I admit that I do have an odd sense of humour and things that I find funny aren't nearly as comical to other people, if they find them funny at all. But, how can anyone think that naming a track "Has your daddy taught you to rock and roll?", with the alternate title (Je suis le bowl cut) isn't hilarious? Okay, so maybe as you read it on this page it doesn't seem funny. Trust me. You have to at least listen to the album first before passing judgement. All the

track titles have two titles each, with the second relating something to do with hair such as titles like "brill creme" and "men's perm". He's pieced some fine vocal samples: "I vomited my breakfast while I was in the passenger seat - feeling like an Olympic champion" or "After I had a quick bath we made love - fifty times a day for the last ten days". Someone who has that kind of humor I felt must be worth meeting so I called up Monsieur Guy's number (38-ALOHA) and left him a message.

I received a call back from Gailin Heartfelt (aka Monsieur Guy) telling me he was willing to do an interview as well as give me a haircut...I passed on the haircut. But Monsieur Guy is certainly a multi-talented man. He informed me that he was 'an amateur european hairdresser', "from the old country" but was currently unemployed in his chosen field. He added that he cut his own hair which was of course "one of the top 30 haircuts in europe". Though a lot of the inspiration for the album had to do with hair, the original intention was to create make-out music for "the modern generation". This did not come to pass but instead eventually turned into "hairstyle music". I asked if he'd taken his music to salons around town. Perhaps have hairdressers play the album while working? He had not considered this earlier but thought that it would be a good way to have the album heard...

Monsieur Guy produced his work on a four-track, with samples on winamp and a drum machine programme off the internet called Hammerhead Rhythm Station. The guitars and keyboards were done live but the drums and singing/ vocals are mostly samples. The majority of choice British vocal samples were taken from a book on tape. "That was a real coup actually, almost all those came from the same tape- It was a story by Jefferey Archer called The Perfect Murder and a Chapter of Accidents." As I mentioned above, Monsieur Guy has a talent for piecing together funny statements from his



samples. He had also hoped to use some of his other recordings, one being Jane Fonda's Workout, but unfortunately there was too much background music to get good vocals samples. Monsieur Guy expressed regret over not being able to use samples such as "tuck in your butt", but accepted that it just "wasn't meant to be".

Heartfelt has been making music for quite awhile, although he's only been producing CDs in the last couple of years. He has been involved with Pantyboy's first album, one of the first releases off the Aloha label, which is his own independant label co-founded with his 'partner'. Pantyboy, though, has more live instrumentation and isn't quite as "conceptual" as the work on I Don't Know What Love Is. Which is, of course, why it works so well.

I commented to him on the style of music: "It is sort of kitchy. So, if you like that sort of thing, then that's good. And if you don't like it, that's bad. It's like the bowl cut. Some people like the bowl cut, some people think it's bad".

I asked Monsieur Guy if there was any particular message that he was trying to communicate through the album. "It's all about hairstyles. So, you can take that many ways. Look out for your hair, it's important. I'm really trying to promote the bowl cut with this album. The mullet has had it's time in the spotlight. Now, I think it's time for the bowl cut to come back a little bit."

If you're interested in listening to Monsieur Guy's album you can head to Ditch Records or you can pop a letter in the mail. All correspondence will be rewarded with prizes. So along with ordering a CD you can get a prize!

Write to:
Lucky Gomez
Suite 666
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On a completely different tangent, Mr. Guy recommends you check out www.myvag.net, and we here at Offbeat definately agree.

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NEER

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by Kate H.

I don't believe in idle threats. So, when I found the email I knew it was my turn... It all began about a month ago, when I sat down at my computer to write up CFUV's weekly Electronica chart. I breezed through the same old 'chart this DJ' or 'spin that DJ' until I reached a subject line with 'be ready...for it is coming'. My little feet went cold and my lips began to tremor. I had heard of similar emails sent out to campus music directors. The only problem was that few of those recipients had ever been seen again...

As one of the lucky few to make it back to college, I realize that I was summoned to their source of power, their lair, for one purpose alone...to share their story. Released unharmed on condition and under solemn oath I am here now only to relay the events and the message of Three Inches of Blood.

If you're familiar with them, then you can hardly expect that Three Inches of Blood would be any less than the current leaders of the "new wave of East Van Heavy Metal." Not only are they currently "slaying up the local competition," but are also the purveyors of fine 'fingerless leather glove fist pumping metal'. Sure...they've been described this way, but their modesty when confronted with such accolades is remarkable.

The modesty was one of the first tip-offs triggering me into thinking that maybe this group of heavy musicians wasn't all that scary. Maybe it was also TIOB's aversion to clutter and mess in their shared bandspace back in Vancouver. It could have also been the gentle manner, which each member of TIOB treated me, a frightened little DJ far from the safety of Victoria. Maybe Three Inches of Blood is a group not to be feared, but to be embraced and held close to your bosom like a soft fuzzy bunny.... Or

maybe stroked gently like the greatest television star from the early '90s, ALF.

I must confess now, that there have been several meetings with TIOB and myself. Sure, it all started as a random kidnapping, but now the courtship between CFUV and these 'Viking metal' demigods has blossomed into something of beauty. 'Battlecry Under A Winter Sun' has taken over CFUV's weekly playlist and Three Inches of Blood will be appearing at Thursday's Pub on May 12th after their New Music West gig the night before.

Three Inches of Blood appears to be targeting Victoria as its next victim...after taking over the airwaves of CTR in Vancouver, and the airwaves of CBC. So it begs the question, after all the success in spreading the good word in the big city to our east, why is Victoria next? To answer quite simply, it isn't a takeover at all, but rather, a homecoming.

Although not native to Victoria, it was here that Three Inches of Blood began to germinate. In the early days, it was Victoria that embraced the Blood Empire. It's like Cheers almost. Any native Victorian knows that it isn't six degrees that separates everyone in this city, but one. I started to recognize the bassist from a sociology course I took a few years back. The impressionist of the group, Cam (although his impressions aren't yet part of the stage act) knows the kids from Fister Milgate...a band that existed only in the short days of high school (heck they were named after my cross-country coach). Geoff, the drummer not only knows my big brother and his entire fraternity, but also has become a surrogate brother to me while mine is away. But the real connection to CFUV comes via Hooper who once controlled the airwaves of our spunky little CFUV. And well, Cam sat-in

for a show once, but I'm not supposed to talk about that.

Although TIOB loves CFUV dearly, it was made apparent to me that Three Inches of Blood's heart belongs to CTR whose college radio support has been unbeatable, helping TIOB to release 'Battlecry Under A Winter Sun' (Geoff also told me it was because, unlike myself, their music director is a "banger"). After winning CTR's band competition, TIOB used their winnings (studio/recording time among other things) to their advantage in recording their record and what came with it...a whole lotta college loving. Fortunately, the love from TIOB extends to all campus community stations that have been lavishing the support on our young heroes (although perplexing Rich, who once asked if there was a rivalry between CFUV and CTR).

Now signed with Teenage Rampage and Fashion Before Function (although their personal dressing habits lean towards function and they "claim no affiliation with Hugo Boss"), Three Inches of Blood plan to use their radio, print and local support to take on the country. After "slaying up the local scene for two years", it seems that they're ready to slay up the national scene. It could be gruesome folks, but trust me on this one...I've been to the other side and back...this is one heavy act you don't want to miss.

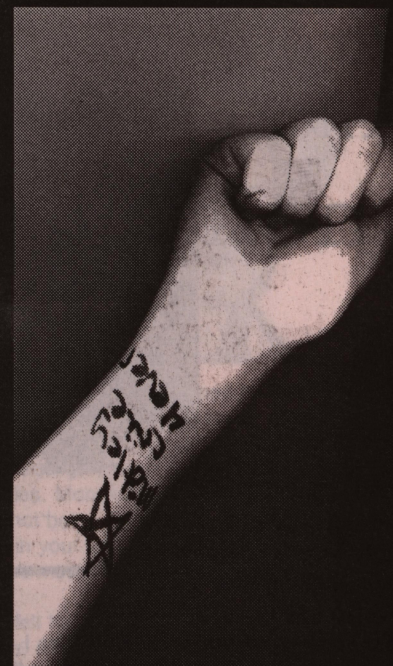
Check out Three Inches of Blood's latest release 'Battlecry Under A Winter Sun' on Teenage Rampage. You can also slam your way over to their website at <http://www.threeinchesofblood.com>. And don't forget to throw them a headbang when you drop by their show at Thursday's Pub on Sunday May 12 (a perfect way to end your mother's day).

dry socket

Today I was thinking about the movie *Boxing Helena*. I wonder if you've ever seen it? If you've heard of it and are thinking of renting it, I would advise you to ruthlessly smash your body against a jagged brick wall until you are too limp and squishy to drag your broken self to the video store.

I watched this movie five years ago, and it still comes up as a repeated topic of conversation under the classification of "atrociously shitty films". I won't spoil the ending, but at the end the main character wakes up - and it was all a dream! Wow! How crazy original, I almost wet myself with surprise at that clever and non-contrived twist of plot. Anyhow, maybe you should rent it, so that you and other friends can sit around and bitch about it, trust me, it will give you pleasure for years to come. I've had time to think of a lot of other things lately besides *Boxing Helena*; my life's taken a few cliched turn of events and I'm spending many a day walking until my mind finally burns out and I can't think of anything besides the distant ratio from my present location to my bed and bathtub. So, to keep my mind occupied so that I don't start thinking of things which could be hazardous to my emotional posture (slightly slouched, but not too tense - and moderately in danger of slipping back into old positions) I've been thinking about things like: bands with rip-off Beatle haircuts, changing my last name (for real this time, damn it), making crummy junk-techno on a bad casio, cats that have their tongues stuck a quarter of the way out of their mouths, people who choose to have irritating personal licence plates like "FLIXIE" "4PLSUR" or "PHAT1", and other menial every day snippets of mental flotsam and jetsam. There comes a time in everyone's life when you morph into a bedraggled crone with a face like a wrinkled grey gym sock and you begin to feverishly collect these bits of cerebral refuse and hold them to your concave chest because they're warm, innocent and insensitive. If there's one thing I'd want to tell the world with a big loud megaphone it's this: please don't personalize your licence plates with annoying acronyms or slogans.

-Danielle P.



Goodbye Victoria: A Review of my Three Favourite Island Humps



Mr. Wozzle

Yes, yes . . . I'm moving to Montreal to become a pretentious grad student and form the band Radio Merlin with my friend Warren. Four years: only three memories . . . dirty. Oh yes, as usual this column is completely fictitious: a short story . . . but to protect the local kids who might accidentally resemble these fictional characters, everyone will be played by Carey Mercer of the local rock band Frog Eyes.

1.) Well, this may be cheating 'cuz it's set in Vancouver, but it has Victoria reference points. I had only lived in Victoria for two months when I went back to Vancouver for a Halloween Party at the Submission Hold/1st Street house. My roommate, Carey Mercer, and I were walking up Commercial Drive on the day of the party. In front of us: the Commercial Drive Shoe-shine girl maliciously crashing her shopping cart into produce bins, turns and smiles at us . . . a certain reptilian beauty. We are both struck: me by horny vibes, Carey by the instinctual human fear of doppelgangers, for - like every other character in this story - she is him. Later, at the party, I literally bump into someone: yes, Carey Mercer-the shoe shine girl. No words: we neck, grinning at each other in-between smooches . . . We leave the party to go to her 'house', it takes us an hour to travel four blocks: each with one arm groping and the other pushing her shopping cart . . . we keep bumping into poles. When we get to the drive she tells me that her house is really a squat . . . I'm excited. But when the squat turns out to be a pile of mattresses and T.V. sets in the corner of a basement-level parkade, I'm less excited. Carey the shoe shine girl tells me to wait . . . she stands all the mattresses up on end leaning against T.V. sets for support with one mattress laying in the middle, surrounded by lit candles: I get to hump in a mattress fort!!!! I crawl out of the parkade through a hole in a chain link fence at dawn, and return that night with a pot of flowers which she keeps in her shopping cart for a month. I share the experience with all my friends in Victoria by passing on the scabies that I contracted.

2.) It's 2:00 a.m. at the Eighties Bar, and Carey Mercer convinces me and Carey Mercer that a mutual friend (the Atlas Strategic drummer: Carey Mercer) has left his bag and that we should take it home for them. We get to my house, see the ska icons on the bag and realize that Carey has duped us. We find a freshly washed shiny slip in the bag, I put it on and start sucking Carey's cock (this is super fictional, I would never fag-out). . . after a couple of minutes he pulls out, says "Oh, would you look at that" and comes all over the slip, I take it off and put it back in the bag so it can be returned in its improved condition. Carey then confides to me that he has never been butt-fucked . . . I put on a condom but I guess that I lack finesse 'cuz after only a couple of seconds Carey whips around, tears off the condom and throws it across the room . . .

3.) Lastly, me and Carey are having a four-some with "little Carey" (a virginal chick) and "pseudo punk-girl Carey", when Carey looks over at me and says: "Oh my god, I'm doing dual-pistons with Wozzle". He slumps over on his side, erection in the air, screaming: "Cut off my cock . . . please if you love me you'll cut off my cock" . . . a grim realization: spectacle does not simply adorn our every gesture, our dark but amusing excesses . . . spectacle is singularly constitutive of our sense of being, our everything. Victoria, I know that this recognition is unsettling, and I'm aware that I happen to be a particularly active catalyst for this kind of epiphany, but I hope that you learn, as Carey Mercer did, that castration will not soothe alienation, the anxiety generated by the decline of authentic identity is a persistent problem and I am not responsible for its prevalence . . . goodbye.

May y/v une 20 02 The Club Chart

TM	LM	Artist	Title	Label
1	-	Giant Sand	Cover Magazine	Thrill Jockey
2	-*	Tennessee Twin	Free To Do What?	Mint
3	-	Various Artists	This Is Where I Belong...	Rykodisc
4	+	Carolyn Mark	Nashville	Mint
5	-	Richard Hell	Time	Matador
6	+	Clay George	Clay George	Independant
7	-*	Shalabi Effect	Trials of St. Orange	Alien 8
8	+	Hot Hot Heat	Knock Knock Knock	Sub Pop
9	-	And You Will Know Us By...	Source Tags and Codes	Interscope
10	-	Req	Sketchbook	Warp
11	+	Christine Fellows	Last One Standing	Six Shooter
12	10+	Frog Eyes	The Bloody Hand	Global Symphonic
13	-	Ed Harcourt	Here Be Monsters	Capitol
14	-*	Do Make Say Think	& Yet & Yet	Constellation
15	-	Long John Baldry Trio	Remembering Leadbelly	Stony Plain
16	-	Various Artists	Cool Blue & Lonesome Blue...	Sugar Hill
17	-	Soulive	Next	Bluenote
18	-	All Girl Summer Fun Band	All Girl Summer Fun Band	K
19	-	764- Hero	Nobody Knows This Is Ev...	Tigerstyle
20	24	Boards of Canada	Geogaddi	Warp
21	-	Mice Parade	All Roads Lead To Salzburg	Bubblecore
22	-	Pedro the Lion	Control	Jadetree
23	-	Songs: Ohia	Didn't It Rain?	Secretly...
24	-	Flogging Molly	Drunken Lullabies	Side One Dummy
25	-	Boggs	We Are the Boggs We Are	Arena Rock
26	-*	Fly Pan Am	Ceux Qui Inventent Jamais...	Constellation
27	-	Antibalas Afrobeat Orchestra	Talkatif	Ninja Tune
28	25	Reverend Horton Heat	Lucky 7	Artemis
29	-	Rasputina	Cabin Fever	Instinct
30	-	Earl Zinger	Put Your Phazer's On Stun...	IK7

TM = This Month, LM = Last Month, *Denotes Canadian Artists, +Denotes Local Artists, RE is a re-entry to the chart.

Compiled by Kate Hollefreund, MD

May RPM/Electronica Chart by Kate Hollefreund

TM	LM	Artist	Title	Label
1	-	Tosca	Suzuki In Dub	g-stoned
2	-	Rob Paine	A Worship Recordings Compilation	Worship
3	-	Fila Brazillia	Jump Leads	Twenty-three
4	-	Earl Zinger	Put Your Phazer's on Stun Throw Your...	IK7
5	7	Boards of Canada	Geogaddi	Warp
6	-*	Richie Hawtin	Taksi	Plus 8
7	-	Various Artists	Phuturesole	Sole
8	-	Soul Center	II	Novamute
9	-	Timo Maas	Loud	Kinetic
10	-	Herbert	Secondhand Sounds	Peacefrog

May Hip-Hop Chart by Adam Bomb

TM	LM	Artist	Album
1	8	Various	The Funky 16 Corners
2	-	Blackalicious	Blazing Arrow
3	9*	K-OS	Exit
4	-	Soulive	Next
5	-	Nappy Roots	Watermelon, Chicken & Grits
6	-	DJ Shadow	You Can't Go Home Again EP
7	-	Various	Senior Year Soundtrack
8	-	J-Live	All of the Above
9	-	Choclaire	Memoirs of Blake Savage
10	+	Demoe One	Time to Eat

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Program Highlights

Fantastico

Jet Engines Falling
Mon. 4-5 pm. Ryan hosts indie pop rocks popping in your ears.

Stranger things Have Happened
Open format with Mike, Tues 4-5 pm.

Radio Goethe
German rock techno industrial with Arndt Peltner, Wed. 2-3 pm.

First Person Plural
Pattie and Carl do the spoken word every Thurs.
12 - 1 pm.

Politics and Bullshit
Hip-Hop with Raul, every Thurs 3-4 pm

Dialects

CFUV 101.9 FM

Program Schedule: Apr/May

Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Sun
6 TIDAL ZONE OPEN	6 SONIC CAFE OPEN FORMAT	WAKE THE DEAD OPEN FORMAT	TBA	TBA	TBA	6 TBA
7						7
8 BLUE MONDAY FOLK	8 ODE TO ANI FOLK	8 ROOTOPIA/SHARON'S SUNSHINE BREAKFAST FOLK	8 ECLECTIC FOLK WORLD	8 UNIVERSAL DONOR WORLD/ ROOTS	8 TBA	8 SCANDINAVIAN HOUR
9						9 YUGOSLAVIAN
10 MUSIC ON MONDAY CLASSICAL	10 JUST SAY NANO 20TH CENTURY	10 REWARDING RECORDINGS CLASSICAL	10 MUSIC THROUGH THE CENTURIES CLASSICAL	10 SING ME BACK HOME BLUEGRASS	10 SOITELLAAN FINNISH	10 POLISH
11						11 ITALIAN BROADCASTING SYSTEM
12 PROFIT? NOT! PUBLIC AFFAIRS	12 MONRO TAP IN/ INTO THE STREETS	12 RADIO FREE PIRG/ RADICALISM/ PUBLIC AFFAIRS	12 FIRST PERSON PLURAL PUBLIC AFFAIRS	12 SCIENCE BYTES/ UNISS. PROGRAM WINGS WOMEN'S NEWS	12 PORTUGUESE POSTCARDS PORTUGUESE	12 POSTALES MUSALES LATIN
1 THIS WAY OUT MAKING CONTACT	1 THRIFT STORE MUSIC	1 ALTERNATIVE RADIO PUBLIC AFFAIRS	1 JAZZ SESSIONS ACID JAZZ	1 ARTLET ARTS MAGAZINE	1 SOUNDS OF SCOTLAND	1 POSTALES MUSALES LATIN
2 PET ROCK OPEN	2 SMOKER'S COUGH OPEN FORMAT	2 RADIO GOETHE GERMAN MUSIC	2 FOREVER YOUNG SENIORS	2 UNRESERVED NATIVE	2 GUITAR JAZZ JAZZ	2 GUITAR JAZZ JAZZ
3 LOUD, FAST & OUT OF CONTROL ROCKABILLY/R&B	3 331/3 CLOSED FORMAT	3 HOME GAME ALL CANADIAN	3 POLITICS & BULLSHIT HIP HOP	3 TBA	3 SKANKSTER'S PARADISE SKA	3 DISCIPLES OF DR. DEMENTO METAL
4 JET ENGINES FALLING OPEN	4 STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED OPEN		4 I'D RATHER EAT GLASS GRRL PUNK	4 MINOR'S REVENGE PUNK	4 HILLBILLY HEAVEN COUNTRY	4 DISCIPLES OF DR. DEMENTO METAL

Manner of Operation
20th century composition and
experimental with
Joel, Thurs. 9-10:30 pm.

Move yo booty

Pet Rock moves to Mon. 2-3 pm
Thrift Store Music now Tues 1-2
pm.

Smoker's Cough can be found
Tues 2-3 pm.

33 1/3 kicks it to Tues 3-4 pm.

The Irish Show is now Sat 11 - 12
pm.

Portuguese Postcards moves to
Sat. 12-1:30 pm.

Sounds of Scotland now Sat. 1:30 -
3 pm.

Black and Tan Fantasy moves to
Sun. 9 - 10 pm.

Solutions is now For the Record alt
with The As-Yet-Unnamed
Jack-Etkin-Show and can be found
Thurs 5-6 pm.

Summer blossoms drop like yonder shows.

Toast in the Machine

Korean Music World

Make Like A Tree

Optimusic

Uncle Bri's (we'll be back)

Folked Up

Unofficial Opposition

Soma and Charm

Mermaid's Cafe

A Better Tomorrow
Sauce

Come and volunteer - lots of spaces
for radio virgins and veterans alike!
Something for all you clowns!

5	GORILLA RADIO PUBLIC AFFAIRS	PLANET FOLK WORLD	WOMEN ON AIR WOMEN'S ISSUES	For the Record/TBA PUBLIC AFFAIRS	SOUNDCHECK SKA/SURF/PUNK	FRENCH	MAH HADASH! JEWISH MUSIC	5
6	MILE STONES/ Rhythm-A- Ning JAZZ	FREEFORM AND FUNCTION IMPROV & AVANT-GARDE	STRAIGHT, NO CHASER JAZZ	ROOTDOWN FUSION GROOVE JAZZ	SEARCHIN'/ ECLECTIC JAZZ SHOW JAZZ	RING MODULATIONS CLASSICAL	FOLKIN' AROUND FOLK	6
7	GIRLS NIGHT IN/ TOKEN ZONE QUEER WOMEN/ WOMEN OF COLOUR	BOOKLIT QUEERLY CANA- DIAN	LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL RHYTHM & BLUES	HEAD FULL OF FLAMES OPEN	SAD & BEAUTIFUL WORLD SPOKEN WORD PERFORMANCE	ALIVE & DREAD REGGAE/ WORLD MUSIC	IN THE MOOD JAZZ	7
8	THE BIG- BROADCAST WOMEN IN MUSIC	MOVIE TRAX SOUNDTRACKS & SCORES	BOOSTER SHOT ROCK	MANNER OF OPERATION EXPERIMENTAL COMPOSITION	TURNTABLE FABLES HIP HOP	ELECTRIC DIALECTICS ELECTRONICA	BLACK & TAN FANTASY AFRICAN-AMERICAN	8
9		SONGS FOR THE MISUN- DERSTOOD/ FILLIN' IN THE GAP OPEN/HIP HOP	RE-MIXIT REMIXES/ OPEN	AREA OF REFUGE/ SOUNDS OF SKUNK PUNK	DOWNTOWN TROPICS ELECTRONICA	RAIDERS OF THE LOST RHYMES HIP HOP	THE FISH SHOW OPEN FORMAT	10
10	VICTORIA'S CHINESE RADIO CHINESE				THE CUTENESS CONTINUUM OPEN	GARAGE GROOVES GARAGE ROCK		11
11		TRIBALIFE HOUSE/ TECHNO	TBA OPEN FORMAT	MAGINTY PIG'S EEL GRASS & SAND SHOW OPEN	A BETTER TOMORROW HIP HOP	LONGHAIR'S JUKEBOX OPEN FORMAT	TBA	12
1	JIMMY TWILIGHT'S LONESOME LOUNGE/ PET ROCK OPEN							1
2								2
3			FIVE RINGS OF SPUN FUN OPEN FORMAT					3
4	GUMBO OPEN FORMAT	GUMBO OPEN FORMAT	THE FINAL HOURS OF WEEKNIGHT SPOKEN WORD	GUMBO OPEN FORMAT	GUMBO OPEN FORMAT	GUMBO OPEN FORMAT	GUMBO OPEN FORMAT	4
5								5

Freaks of Nature: the Leaders of the Eight Most Powerful Nations Meet in Kananaskis for the Yearly G8 Summit.



By Sharmeen

It's that time of year again. Whether some of us are gearing up to "summit hop," or whether we are planning to stay put in our communities, the buzzword this summer for Canadian activists is the G8. Some sit in bewilderment when presented with the Alphabet Soup of Liberalization: WTO, WB, IMF, FTAA, APEC. New organizations we have never heard of spring up constantly, with their accompanying group of protestors outside the hotels and convention centres. Now the G8 is meeting between June 26 and 27 in Canada and in the middle of typical Candiana: scenic Kananaskis in the high mountains of Alberta... And don't think that the Liberal government chose Kananaskis because of its representation of wild Canada. It was a political choice to isolate dissent and minimize disruption.

This makes sense after last year's G8 meetings in Genoa, Italy which brought out around 200,000 protestors and days of rampant police brutality. There was the killing of 23 year old Carlo Giuliani, torture in jails and the infamous carabinieri raids on the IndyMedia Centre, Genoa Social Forum and the Diaz school where activists slept. While media, politicians and medical assistance were kept outside of the school, there were reportedly hours of beatings which left blood on the walls, on windows and collected pools of blood where sleeping activists were. After everyone was cleared out, sixty of the ninety-three activists needed hospital attention; many were in critical condition.

Today, international economic organizations are meeting behind walls of riot cops, tear gas and making it more difficult for protests to happen because of rising state brutality and the moving summits to inaccessible locations. The WTO met in November of 2000 in Qatar, and now the G8 is meeting in the high slopes of Alberta with only a few

roads leading into this small tourist town. While this might be a sign of growing influence in the different forms of opposition that occur, what is also occurring is the delegitimization of these secret meetings and what they stand for. And the more successful the movement is becoming to challenge the legitimacy of these meetings, the more angry they get.

Where does the G8 meeting fit in all of this? Basically, the G8 is the Group of Eight - the most economically powerful countries in the world. The happy club consists of France, United States, Britain, Germany, Japan, Italy, Canada and Russia. While initially formed to discuss macroeconomic policies and trade, issues such as security and terrorism have become important. While there are no binding policies that come out of the G8, they give support and direction to formal international organizations such as the World Bank, IMF and WTO. The G8 meet every summer in advance of the September meeting of the World Bank and IMF and the November meetings of the WTO. Basically, it is the coming together of the most powerful nations that control the most powerful international financial institutions.

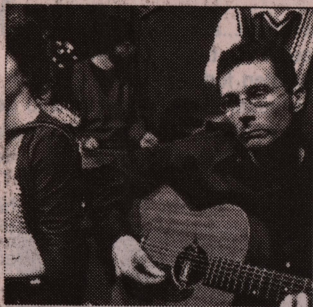
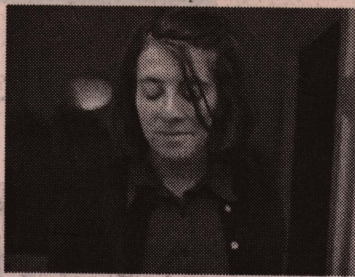
Major non-governmental organizations appeal to the G8 for their influence on Third World debt reduction, policies around AIDS and health, and foreign aid. But the crux is this: in a world with growing poverty, growing militarization and growing inequality, the secret meetings of eight rich nations breed sentiments of cynicism and anger. How can the meeting of eight nations that directly benefit from poverty, international debt, and militarization possibly offer solutions? And if its solutions and ideas they want to bring forth, why the secrecy?

These grievances aren't new. The issues of

democracy and imperialism have been discussions at other convergences regarding the WTO and World Bank/IMF. What is evident, however, that tucked away from the public eye, meeting in a castle at the top of a mountain known as Kananaskis, the equation of global capitalism and democracy is mute. Many citizens are recognizing that the link between true democracy and economic globalization is a false one, and that to maintain the wealth of a minority requires secrecy and inaccessibility. Many are also recognizing that our economic wealth in these few nations are on the backs of the Majority World, where we all benefit from an unequal economic system.

I am unsure of what to expect as activists converge both in Calgary and Ottawa to resist the G8. While protests happen summit after summit, city after city, the issues are becoming more integrated into larger discussions on democracy and capitalism. Protest after protest, these meetings are becoming more dangerous and inaccessible as governments use millions in state security in hard to get places around the world. What I do know is that people need to keep taking to the streets, opposing these policies through public forums and questioning systems of trade and militarization. The reason resistance is difficult is because it works slowly. Even though they are holding meetings in mountain top resorts, with our combined efforts, soon they will holding their meetings in the sewers—where those rats belong.

If you are wanting to join the resistance, go to www.g8.activist.ca and www.gdo.ca for convergences in Alberta and Ottawa (where organizers want to shut down the capital). And remember those dates: June 26 and 27, 2002.



TAKE IT MO'-FO!!! (AN ENDEARING GIVEAWAY)

The good folks down at Endearing Records have graciously provided us with three - count 'em, three prize packs of Julie Doiron, Radiogram and Paper Moon. So, young grasshopper, you desire to know how to acquire these prize packs filled with gobs of lovely merchandise? Just email the 'beatsters here at offbeat@cfuv.uvic.ca with the word MOFO in the subject line, and give us a sentence using "Julie Doiron", "Radio Gram" and "Paper Moon"... kinda like a one sentence story. Got it? Good. Also, Offbeat offers an alternative *mystery prize pack* (which is really a dead mouse in a box) if you'd rather have that. Just email the same address with "Dead Mouse Mystery Prize" in the subject line. We love you. No, seriously, we really do.

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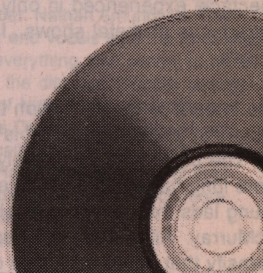
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Penetration-a-plenty for the whole family: an evening with **ZIMMER'S HOLE**



BY BRENT CANN

I have never seen a Gwar show. I have heard it rumoured, though, that a 50 foot long penis is lowered from the roof and proceeds to spray the audience with goat's blood... who wouldn't want to witness such a glorious monument to procreation? I can just picture myself: arms outstretched and fingers splayed while I was christened Sissey Spacek style by the red spunk of my new phallus god. Naturally, with a fantasy like that, I was overjoyed (albeit secretly) that I was invited to the Zimmer's Hole show at the Ingy on April 26th. There were wild rumours of pagan rituals that approached the spectacle experienced in only the most outrageous of metal shows...I had to see for myself.

The first piece of information that I must convey to you is this- Metal is not dead. Hell no. The place was completely packed with more long haired tight black jean wearing young lads than a high school dance in Fort McMurray. All of them seemed to boil with an intensity that bordered a little on the ridicu-

lous. We sat slightly off to the side with our backs to the shuffleboard table, content to sip our flat flagons of molsen while the crowds swayed to the hard driving double bass pedaled mayhem of the opening bands.

The lights went down; the crowd pressed in. Smoke filled the stage and floor below, glowing blood red and orange like... well, like smoke lit by red and orange stage lights. Into the stylized fire and synthetic brimstone stepped a monster of a man, his face obscured with a mask fashioned from the bones of some animal, while the crashing guitars and cymbals signaled the arrival of our new 'master'. I couldn't help but grin as he growled into the mic something about lost metal gods (them) who have returned to wreck vengeance on the pathetic mortals (us), and that we would bow down to our red painted and a leather smocked overlord. He was holding a massive broadsword and dagger crossed high above his head- you know, those enor-

mous weapons with bat wing hilts and skull grips you see at knife kiosks in malls but never see anyone take home. Then, with an explosive shower of gunpowder flames, all 'hell' broke loose.

Of course, hell in this case is quite a spectacle... And it comes complete with merchandise and free drinks. While the singer, now without the mask (but with prominent devil horns grafted to his receding hairline) growled and spat his way through songs such as 'That's how Devils drink' and '1000 miles of cock' the long locks of the bassist and guitarist were billowed up and back behind them by small fans at their feet. Epic, over the top wanking and wailing and meth paced drumming provided the background for the lyrics that told us that now was the time to give Satan a second chance. The microphone stands were decorated with dismembered limbs, while mannequins who flanked both sides of the stage on inverted crosses looked on. Time was, however, taken between songs to inform the devil's minions below him that they had t-shirts and

albums available...as well as thongs for the girls. Prizes were thrown out into the audience written fortune cookie style on pieces of cheese, and we were told to get as drunk as possible, since partying hard satisfied our demon metal rulers.

What was really special, though, was the view from the side of the stage afforded of the devil singers ass, which was covered only by the black strap of a leather thong as he screamed and growled through songs like 'White Trash Momma' and 'Satan was a Gay Porno Star'. Not that we were offended by our god-performer's lack of modesty, but we were confused as to why the only piece of clothing that could be seen from behind was a one inch wide piece of cloth that ran up the crack of his sweaty ass. Then, tearing aside his smock, the dark lord of rock whipped out, a man sized cock only the ruler of the underworld could claim as his own. At least a foot long, and so thick that two hands could hardly encircle it, it was plunged into the ass of a rotted corpse-like mannequin that was produced as if by magic. Next, while we looked on in a state of shock, accompanied by a song called 'Anaconda', the devil filled the cups and open mouths of the audience with vodka pumped at high pressure through his demon fuck stick. The image of the strap on satan holding his finger over the urethra of his erect tool to prevent the liquor from spewing out is forever burnt into my psyche. I may never recover.

Of course, it was all good, clean fun. Especially the part where he produced another mannequin, cut the seat of it's pants with a dagger, an entered the hole that contained some sort of puss like lubricant. But really, am I the only one who noticed the obsession with dicks, asses, and putting the two together? With songs like Sodomanz, Doggy Style, and Gender of the Beast, and with lyrics like "He is so dry", it's not like they seem obsessed or anything. I guess Zimmer's 'Hole' could refer to a lot of things.

All speculation about any repressed sexuality aside, we left happy, having breathed in enough smoke and witnessed enough spectacle to last even the most jaded fan a year. When the smog cleared after the final encore, all that remained was the sword from the first song, embedded in the platform- it had actually been plunged right into the wood, a monument to the most ridiculous mayhem that stage had ever seen.

Music Reviews

Antibalas Talkatif

Ninja Tune

Anyone who was blown away by Antibalas' first release, "Liberation Afro Beat vol.1", is guaranteed to be left with just as intense of an urge to keep on moving to the groove. With their monstrous horn and percussion sections, funky bass, and guitars and organ to round it all off, this band has every element necessary to captivate the audiences and leave them begging for more. One of the secrets to this may lie in the band's motto: "Afrobeat is best made when the musicians are not trying to see who has the biggest dick." (Amen to that my brothers.) Antibalas carries out the message for all of us to expand our minds and be aware of the corrupt governments, armies, banks, etc. that disempower the people of this planet. Antibalas is not just another band, they are a collective group with intentions and a movement- not to mention one of the phatest sounds around. *Talkatif* is all about positivity, peace, and true change within ourselves. As the liner notes read: "Respect and understanding must replace greed and egotism as the fundamentals by which we live." This message along with its hard-hitting sound is truly what makes this next generation of Afrobeat disciples good to the last drop. Recorded on analog tape, this album offers you the authentic warmth, as well as their true soul and rhythm, which will leave you hitting the dancefloor...hard. (And that's nothing compared to what you'll feel after hearing and seeing them live. Check them out June 25th when they grace the garden city for jazz fest.)

-Brian Mullin

Rhume

Jeu De Puissance
Kelp

Jon Bartlett is the man behind Rhume and also the founder of Kelp Records. On this release he pays tribute to his bilingual New Brunswick heritage by recording only in French. Not being bilingual, I have no idea what Jon is singing about, but the music that cascades around the words is quite enticing. With

wonderful keyboards washing over the opening track "Beinvenue" and slamming rock guitars on tracks like "Caline De Binne" this is power pop to the extreme. The lyrics cannot be forgotten, even if you don't understand them, as they roll through the songs like another instrument as on "Allume Mes Levres". If you would like to know more about the band and get English translations for the songs visit the website www.kelprecords.com. From there, battle the cold with a mighty power play.

-Rob Pingle



Billy Bragg and the Blokes
England, Half English
Outside Music

Well kids, the G8 protests are gearing up around Canada and what best to arm your revolutionary fervor but the brand new Billy Bragg album. This is his first release since 1996's *William Blake*; when he took a break and did the infamous Mermaid Avenue albums with Wilco. And you can tell the Mermaid Avenue influences in this new album, as Billy Bragg moves away from the acoustic love songs/ social change pop tunes for more of a diverse sound reminiscent of blues, fast guitar riffs and even some Latin influenced arrangements. Let me say one thing. I grew up listening to Billy Bragg, using his protest songs as placards at demonstrations and his love songs in compilation tapes! made for my crushes. But this album reminds me of standing at one of those boring rallies where the older generation of union activists are trying to get us to sing "Solidarity Forever" with their acoustic guitars. It just didn't inspire me. Mind you, there are a couple of gems where Billy Bragg sticks to his guitar and amp and pulls off his Billy Bragg-style love

song. But the rest is kind of corny, even with potential. I am thinking that with Billy Bragg's age, he has left his radical days behind him and is now reaching out to the reformist, labour loving union songs.

-Shmeen

The Jazz June

The Boom, the Motion and the Music
Initial Records

This band reminds me a lot of those genres that I hold so dear. Those sensitive white guys with guitars, singing all emotional, singing with anger. They start off hard, drums popping and then taper off in the bridge and then get all heavy again. Jazz June isn't that different from these types of bands, they just seem to do it too well. Forming in 1996 in Kutztown, Pennsylvania, Jazz June began their start in the DIY scene, which quickly developed a following. The EP *The Boom, the Motion and the Music* is a re-release, along with a second EP *They Love Those Who Make The Music* that has been out of print until now. The album starts off with a kicker that makes you nod your head when you're doing the dishes, and with the various sampling going on the songs, the 30 minute length of the CD is enough to want more. The six songs are punchy, chaotic that bring up our favorite little labels like "emo" or "angry, yet sensitive white men with guitars." While I haven't heard anything else from this band or label, it will be safe to say that I will slowly add their releases to my tortured music collection.

-Shmeen

Richard Youngs May

Jagjaguwar

Having previously released an album of sparse guitar and vocal compositions in memory of a dead dog (Sophie) and one of minimalist piano with even more minimalist lyrics (*Making Paper*) on Jagjaguwar, Richard Youngs continues his foray into singer-songwriting. More widely known (relatively) for his droning collaborations with Simon Wickhams-Smith, Youngs' solo albums on Jagjaguwar have always been subtle,

low-key affairs. Here however his springtime theme seems to have gotten into his blood. This is a far more energetic album, with more fleshed out arrangements and with far more varied lyrics (it's still just Youngs playing, but here he'll play a note before its predecessor has faded not only from hearing but from memory). Here his songs have a more song-like structure and far less repetition than his previous albums. His cracked falsetto still rings out plaintively, but rather than being defined by the surrounding silence it is brought into relief by the accompanying guitar. The easiest comparison, at least for this album, is to Nick Drake. The second half of this album will sound eerily familiar to fans of Drake's *Five Leaves Left*: understated, quiet folk, and abstract depictions of awestruck wonder at the mysteries of a world only half understood. The first half is more dissonant, but still of interest.

-Hamish



Rivulets

S/T

Chair Kickers Union Inc.

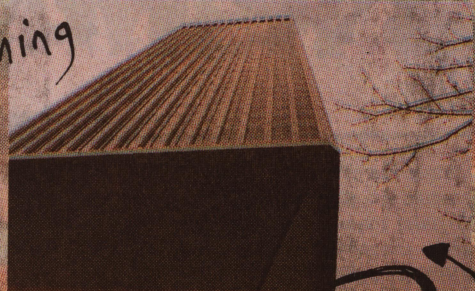
This album is out on Low's Chair Kickers Union label, was recorded and mixed by Alan Sparhawk (of Low) in Low's 20 Below studio and has Sparhawk and Mimi Parker musically helping out on the songs. I think you can get a pretty clear picture as to what to expect. Quiet well written songs that depress as much as they impress. The main focal point of the band lies around its one constant member: Nathan Amundson. The guitar and vocals take the front stage and everything else seems to be far off in the distance. Vocally reminiscent of Nick Drake with a tinge of Songs: Ohia the album though not musically inventive will make that Red House Painters area of your record collection that much more complete.

-J Welk

A ROAD TRIP IN PHOTOS

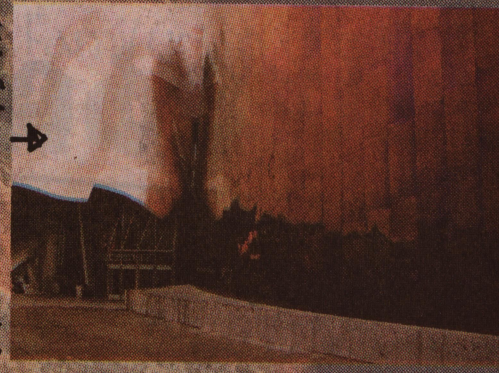
By Dandy-elle

Yeah gang,
Summers-a-coming
so all good boys
& girls wanna
go somewhere...



so we went to Seattle

and saw the sights

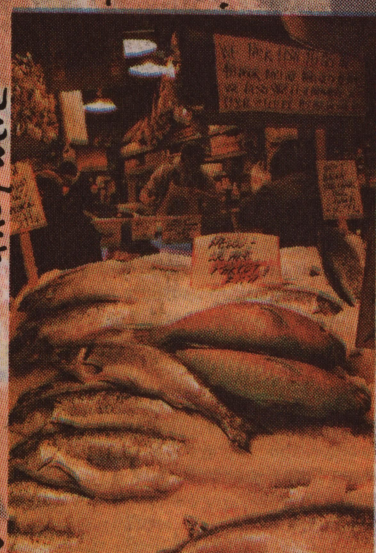


We Didn't go
to this cafe
But we would
if
we
went
back.

like this wall
lots of gum



These Parrot Fish rocked
My ass!



Look how radreally
freakish they look

This trip
gots AN At!
Cin gum
y'all

(we liked the fish throwers. coz they were

What road trip is complete
seeing a band. so we headed
to the Showbox and watched
♥ Le Tigre ♥ (also w chicks on
speed)



..And we came back with sweet hangovers.



(actually that was kinda lame...)

They did lots of cute
cheerleader routines.
the crowd was thankfully
not surly.



"Did you notice a scent when you came in here?" I sniffed the atmosphere inside the van tentatively...nope. I had, minutes earlier, slid open the door and introduced myself to the members of Small Brown Bike, and now found myself sharing a beer with them and gauging the air quality of their vehicle. "Yeah, we've had a problem for months now, actually. We're actually wondering if some other band from a past tour is playing a prank on us...it's a mystery."

Hailing from Lansing, Michigan (about 4 hours from Toronto), the soft spoken lads that call themselves Small Brown Bike had been kicking back in their new van in the parking lot of the Gary Oak Community center, where they were scheduled to play with Choke and local rockers Moneyshot. Seated comfortably in the rear bench seat was Travis Dopp (guitarist) with Ben Reed (bass) whose brother Mike, who sings lead and also plays guitar, sat behind me. Jeff Gensterblum, their drummer, had been shooting hoops, but had returned to enjoy what was for them 'exotic' Canadian beer. "Yeah, I've only had two and I'm feeling kind of warm" jokes Ben, and the laughter was genuine. I couldn't help but appreciate their attitudes- sincere and open, a far cry from the stereotype of the beer swilling can crushing punk image that some people might expect. This was a band that plays such emotionally charged and aggressive music that it was hard to believe that they were more into things like seeing a

whale from the ferry.

Of course their name, Small Brown Bike, seems so pleasant and harmless that it, too, seems incongruent with a band that can punch out melodic screaming riffs like they do. I was interested: Why a brown bike? "We always get asked where we got the name" smiled Mike "there's actually a story behind it." As it turns out, Ben and Mike met Travis in middle school, and constantly had projects going...one of which was the dismantling and rebuilding of "junk bikes". The best of them was, of course, a 'small brown bike'.

"It was everyone's favourite" commented Travis, and Ben continued "It was HOT. You could do everything with it...except the chain kept falling off all of the time." Ben's bike, Big Daddy, always carried a tow rope to pull the small brown bike home. With this in mind (as well as the fact that they could have just as easily named their band Big Daddy) the name Small Brown Bike somehow seems perfect- a symbol of a friendship that has endured since the fifth grade. "We've known each other for 20, 21 years. We never get really get bored- someone's always doing something crazy, something's always going on."

Now, years later, this same friendship has them on the road together constantly, and at the time of my interview they were about to

tour (almost) all of Canada, starting in Victoria. Outside of some other shows that they'd played in Montreal, Toronto, and Ottawa, this was basically the first time that they would perform for their fans north of the 49th. Of course, with this in mind I enquired as to how smoothly their border crossing went. I was answered by communal groans and rolled eyes.

"Getting us -humans- over the border, that wasn't really a problem" explained Mike. "The problem was with our merchandise and customs. We actually had to ship two boxes of shirts back to Michigan because we didn't have the proper permit to import them, and the office was closed. Luckily Choke was able to have shirts ready for us when we sent them our graphics...we just weren't planning on having to spend seven hours with customs." We all chuckled between subdued beer belches at the idea of the band 'losing their shirts' at the border. Another free trade success story.

The border problems aside, the band members were quite stoked on the other aspects of their tour, which is, for them, an opportunity to see the places they had only heard about. "Man, coming through to Vancouver, those were the biggest mountains I'd ever seen" Ben grinned, with complete excitement over the things that many of us here begin to take for granted. "It

Continues on P.20
photos by Jamie McFadden

was amazing." Continued Travis "Yeah, riding the ferry over here today was insane..." Everything was, as they said a "totally new" experience for them. This is the type of enthusiasm they apply to their performances as well. "Yeah, if there's only twenty people at this show, that's twenty people we've never seen...and who probably have never seen us...maybe never heard of us. That's so cool."

We looked back at the hall where the 'punk' kids were starting to people the lawn and parking lot of the community center. Hopefully there would be more than 20 people here. I was struck by the nature of shows like this, where hard working, talented bands who actually create their own sounds can only hope to draw about 100 people, while clubs with DJs spinning records that someone else has recorded can pack a hall to capacity. Recently I had read in some liner notes (Nation of Ulysses) that rock and roll embodied the 'death of the performer', with the movement towards fewer and fewer musicians performing. It was criticized as the epitome of an ideal that employs fewer and fewer artists, a movement from the orchestral to the individual. If this was so, then perhaps DJ culture was yet another step, another way to strip down and streamline music, to distance the audience from the artist, with live music venues like this beginning to suffer.

Yet there are alternate explanations. Perhaps it is due to the nature of trends and the media (who parasitize and accelerate trends and tastes) that music scenes like this can struggle. Perhaps we have become bored. Perhaps punk and hardcore music just isn't exciting any more, because we are forever searching for something different...and who could really blame us, with bands like Blink-182, Sum 41, and countless other emulates featured on soundtracks for yet another coming of age teen movie. This is, of course, a little too simplistic. The popularity of 'underground' music crests and falls, but in their opinion it would be naive to point the finger at major label saturation and disposal. "Trends definitely come in waves, but you need a whole system to support them: you need clubs, promoters, bands who want to play...right now in the states we're playing a lot of clubs where smaller bands couldn't get on the bill." This, of course, is food for thought in a venue starved location like Victoria.

But what are we to make of the bands constantly regurgitated for our listening 'pleasure' on radio stations and music channels? Are those heavily marketed bands we hear constantly killing punk, killing hardcore? "That major label stuff...It's just a joke. You don't watch MTV to find a band that will really mean something to you," Ben



stated, "Maybe for a joke to put on a mixed cd to laugh at or something."

"That's a different type of punk...bands like that (sum 41 etc) are just way more accessible" commented Mike. This type of 'punk' is constructed, a readymade and marketed identity, available for anyone. "Who's to say that they aren't sincere" continued Ben "They just aren't brave." Of course, as Keith mentioned everything "has become so visual. You've got to have the right hair, matching clothes." It is an era where the 'look' of the band can signal their intent, their allegiance to a style of music indicated by the style of their clothes. "People are just doing what other people want to see...It's interesting when people emulate old ideas like matching clothes and older styles, but you just get bored of it so quickly."

"Who really cares?" Keith laughed "I don't want to read another article on how much this band or another sucks...If I like the disk I like the disk."

"I've totally changed my ways" agreed Ben. "Man, if people knew how much grunge or country we listen to in this van..." Of course, as Keith later mentioned, it's not like someone will put on their new cd and hear country or grunge music. "We'll

always sound like Small Brown Bike" not something emulated or derivative.

Small Brown Bike are true to their own sensibilities, and unswayed by the trends that are born and die with every new band, every new trend. They continue to make their music out of a sincere desire to create. "I just want people to come up to me after a show and tell me that we gave them shivers up their back, or down their arms. I want to give people chills." All other things considered, isn't that what rock music is about in the first place?



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Reviews Continued



Radiogram *All The Way Home* Endearing

The sound of Radiogram is hard to describe, for it seems to change from song to song, but not in a bad way. The first few things from Radiogram that I heard prior to this CD had a decided country flavour and this aspect is evident on *All The Way Home*. The country stylings are mixed with some pop, rock, and ambient sounds. The thing with this combination, which I must admit sounds weird looking at it on paper, is that it works and has produced a solid and cohesive album that never seems to get stuck to in any one style for too long. I heard this CD called Alt-country prior to hearing any of the tunes, but the term doesn't really fit. The other bands that I have heard this label applied to have all had a decidedly old-timey feel to their music, while Radiogram shares more in common with Gram Parson's more country oriented material, which may be the thing that really caught my ear.

-Rainbow

New Flesh *Understanding* Big Dada Recordings

Ninja Tune is known to deliver an interesting, creative, and funky range of music. Releasing London stationed New Flesh's second album *Understanding*, on the sub label Big Dada won't damage that reputation. The innovative sounds that the band unleashes this time are well mixed on a funky r&b style record based firmly in a foundation of ragga, soul, dancehall and hip hop often enwrapped in old school electronica. However, despite the confident beat-making of Part 2 and the vocal vivacity and lyrical flexibility of Toastie Tailor and Juice Aleem, it turns out as a lame album. With all the respect to the groundbreaking sound created in an otherwise stagnating music genre and to the guest appearances of Beans(Anti-Pop Consortium) and Gift of Gab(Blackalicious) who feature in the absolute top of the tracks on the album, it just doesn't make it for me. Other guest appearances from Roots

Manuva's Cecil P.L.Y.M. Pim Pimpel persona, Ramm:Ell:Zee, Robotic EBU and Ty helps New Flesh in fulfilling Ninja Tune's criteria. However, being interesting, funky and creative is sometimes not enough. There is something missing to makes this album to make this CD as impressive as it could have been.

-Johan Genneby

Surface of Eceon *The King Beneath the Mountain* Strange Attractors

Surface of Eceon sounds like Bardo Pond although the former's vocalist, when featured, is less interesting than the Pond's. It is ambient, soft, and at times building electric guitar in Godspeed-esque crescendos (but without Godspeed's multi-instrumental orchestrations), just guitar and percussion. At times it sounds even psychedelic. If your unfamiliar with lengthy, sprawling, largely instrumental (even orchestral in a sense) post-rock, this is a good place to start out your collection. But to round out that collection look to Bardo Pond's last two disks (especially the excellent *Dilate*), the entirety of Godspeed You Black Emperor!'s records (as well as the rest of the material on the Constellation label)

-Adam Jones



The Promise Ring *Wood/Water* Anti-

The opening track, "Size of your Life" off Promise Ring's latest album *Wood/Water* is all too familiar in today's indie rock scene. The cliché looped hand clapping and over-produced enhanced vocals of the first track leaves the listener completely unprepared for the refreshingly stripped down, utterly personal, and emotionally rich journey they are about to take. This is Promise Ring's fourth full length CD (the first on there new label Anti-) and after lead singer Davey's real life scare with a brain tumor "the size of a fist", the band has taken the time to make a more thought-out and less aggressive album. The disk seems designed for placement in one's Discman while walking aimlessly on a sunny day questioning life. When I first listened to the track "Become One Anything One Time" I found myself singing along to the infectious warm chorus, loudly, in public.

Those that like their rock (I refuse to call anything emo or emo-core) on the more rawking side should be warned that *Wood/Water* is most likely not written with you in mind. The closest Promise Ring gets to a more visceral sound is "Get on the Floor" and other than that their music is more accustomed to pondering than dancing. The booklet for *Wood/Water* is very simple in its design with no lyrics, instead filling the pages with pictures of beautiful plant life, and that's exactly how I would describe Promise Ring's new CD, simple and beautiful.

-Ryan Jarman

Spokane *Able Bodies* Jagjaguwar

The fourth album by the Virginia trio Spokane is an austere affair, with the songs as varied as they can be within their quiet genre. Sedate Galaxie 500 style rock songs segue into a mix of hushed whispers, glockenspiels and violins. A number of tracks are reminiscent of Dirty Three in their instrumentation- strings at the forefront while understated guitar and drums form the backdrop. This isn't driven music. Songs are slow and sweeping, with a focus on the interaction between the instruments and the vocals. In particular the guitars and strings are used to sublimely extend the vocals. Rick Alverson and Courtney Bowles offer their voices sparingly- as much as

instruments as vessels for the delivery of lyrics. The effect is serene, as the vocals take their place in supporting the song rather than dragging it along behind. Add some melancholy backing whispers and you've got a beautiful album.

-Hamish

The Marato *Dirty Stories* Blue Skies Turn Black

The Marato thrive to find, as they put it in their bio, "dissonance hidden in melody". The inverse is also true for it is through the fleeting guitar picking, bass punches, offbeat (hehe) drumming, syncopated rhythm and start/stop attacks that the band manages to turn its sophisticated music into an euphonious, and even accessible, brand of math-rock. The band keeps its music complex, but you never get lost in any labyrinth of forward movements or bored by tedious ostinatos. Indeed, The Marato's music is sequential: they achieve succession of repetition of melodic phrases each in new and progressive ways. If you ever wondered what you'd get if you combined the Wooden Stars, the Police, and Don Caballero, then you should buy this album at your nearest indie record store because the band is presently on hiatus and so you won't be picking it up at any of their shows for a while.

-Nick Frenetic

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Reviews Continued

Okkervil River

Don't Fall in Love with Everyone
Jagjaguwar

For some reason Texas seems to produce more good folk music than of the other states. For some reason, the whiny introspective style of long-haired folkies telling you more about their personal lives than even their mothers care to know about doesn't seem to come from Texas as often as, say, the west coast. Okkervil River is the good kind of folk; the kind of folk that has heard other music and may even have been influenced by it. This is narrative folk and not some ninth rate description of a place or of the singer's emotional state, with simple stories about dead dogs, separation, betrayal, and a miserable Christmas. It has murder ballads and a duet with the cracked, but sincere voice of Daniel Johnson. Musical references range from the Memphis Jug Band to Otis Redding. Good folk comes out of a history and tells a good story. The stories here are better than good, while the music varies from driven and horn punctuated folk-rock to the kind of slow tragic waltzes that should be the last song of the night in some rural roadhouse.

-Hamish



Caitlin Cary

While You Weren't Looking
Yep Roc

After four turbulent releases with Whiskeytown, including the venerable Faithless Street in 1996, Caitlin Cary decided it was time for a change. The five-song EP *Waltzie* with its beautiful unpolished sound was released to critical acclaim in 2000 and Cary seemed comfortable making music on her own despite the pressure to exceed expectations. On the follow-up, Chris Stamey returns as producer and *While You Weren't Looking*, released earlier this year, shines in many ways. Cary's ethereal lyrics are backed by solid melodies and fantastic musicianship with the combination at times evoking vivid images. The best examples of Cary's talent occur on the bonus mini disc when she pays her "respects to the old liquor store" with Ryan Adams on "The Battle". The two artists really complement one another harmonically, which is the reason their former

projects worked so well despite the turmoil. "Trickle of Whiskey" hearkens back to her debut EP and its simple production. The bonus disc also includes a rendition of "The Fair" far superior to the track of the same name on the main release. In fact, the main release almost sounds a little overextended, as though there were just too many people involved. Former Whiskeytown member Mike Daly helped pen many of the songs and was a huge contributor to the album in general playing pedal steel, ace tone organ, guitars and various other instruments—none of this being bad by any stretch of the imagination. But Cary enlisted the help of fifteen other North Carolina musicians in the making of *While You Weren't Looking* and while this might have given her confidence and support, there were just too many fingers messing with the project. As a reflection of setting, the title suggests the way many of the songs were written—on the bus, between sets, while the other maniacal members of Whiskeytown weren't looking. Hopefully next time she won't let anyone else look either, and take sole responsibility for writing, producing and recording her next album.

-Timothy Trebilcock

Christine Fellows

The Last One Standing
Six Shooter

When I picked up Christine Fellows' *The Last One Standing*, I was reminded of a song by Neil Finn with the same name. In Finn's song my favourite lines are, "and you are magnificent/ I can see you with my eyes closed/ when you walk into my house/ I'll be the last one standing". To top the mental mark left by that release would be a big hurdle for Christine but she leaped it with graceful ease. Her voice is soft and lilting, which suits her song writing to a tee. "A day on the road" contains some of my favourite lyrics on the whole album: "Raise your hand if you don't understand. Extend your offerings. Maybe this is all we need to see." To back up these beautiful words, Christine employs accordion, organ, cello, bowed glockenspiel, viola, mandolin as well as tuning forks, thumb piano and saw to round out the usual guitar, bass and drums. This interesting combination has been called by some chamber-pop, which comes to a realisation most on "Veda's Waltz", a song written for Veda Hille's wedding. Christine says to blame *The Last One Standing* on a \$200 piano and an endless supply of scotch and winter. If these are the results from such a mix, then I thank the heavens Christine is from Winnipeg as there will be more in the future. Visit www.christinefellows.com for more information about this incredible talent and keep an eye out for her tour here in May.

-Rob Pingle

Clay George

Clay George
Independent

You may have seen Clay George busking on the streets when he wasn't travelling around North America checking things out and playing for his daily bread. Now, Clay has decided to make Victoria his home. He has taken some of his experiences and placed them on this CD, his first release. From the opening track "Son of God" you are brought into his well-travelled world following Jesus through the streets. Religion is an undercurrent that flows through many of Clay's songs. He doesn't preach though, you can just feel the power of his faith coming through as he picks at the guitar and wails on the harmonica. Clay employs some excellent musicians to back him up and help get out his message. "Old Upright Piano" has trumpet and piano, while "Country Love Song" uses fiddle, mandolin and drums to accompany his lyrics. "Stephane Ganis" has some of the most powerful lyrics on this release as Clay sings about a friend of his who he hasn't seen for many years. But it has to be the first verse on the first track of the album that made me want to listen to this release over and over. From "Son of God" the album starts, "Well now Jesus was a very good man. He had a mellow head and a proper tan. He had a big old posse walking down the street and the kids come running just to hear him speak." This is a great release from an up and coming local artist that I highly recommend. Keep an eye out for him playing anywhere and everywhere.

-Rob Pingle

Hanson Brothers

My Game
Mint

The Hanson Brothers have returned with another entry for this season. Their latest effort features songs about hockey, hockey and hockey related themes. The new CD represents at least one change in the Hanson Brothers line-up, drummer Kenny Hanson has been replaced with Ernie Hanson (cousin). To those not previously familiar with the Hanson Brothers, they are a Ramones flavoured rock band that contains members of NoMeansNo and the Show Business Giants. (The Ramones parallel goes beyond the sound of the band to include the naming of the band members in that they are all Hanson brothers in the same way that the Ramones were all Ramones.) This is the third Hanson Brothers CD and continues with the combination of humorous lyrics and solid playing that was featured on their previous releases. I've always been happy when the Hanson Brothers put out a new CD, as it reminds me that bands are still putting out good rock records. This latest CD is no exception.

-Rainbow





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Organic Grooves

Black Cherry
Aum Fidelity

Black Cherry is a "club" remix album of William Parker and Hamid Drake's release *Piercing the Veil*. But this is by far NOT your run of the mill club music or remix. Like their name, Organic Grooves has taken the sounds from William Parker and Hamid Drake to recreate an amazing line up of tracks. Percussion reigns supreme on the this album with changing moods and rhythms. "...Will Be Broken" broods and haunts the ear. "Satta Pox" is sweet and pretty. Some tracks are light, others are darker, but all are based on fantastic rhythms and grooves. No doubt the producer Sasha Crnobrnja's own experience with percussion adds to the genius of this recreation of William Parker and Hamid Drakes sounds. This is a fantastic album. Yes, you can dance to it, I guess it could play in a club. If I had club I'd play *Black Cherry* all night.

-Zeta

The Other People Place
lifestyles of the laptop cafe
Warp

If you want the sounds of old school Detroit techno, *"lifestyles of the laptop café"* is an entire album of old style tech-house. Minimal, lots of synth, and straight ahead 4/4 beats from an early drum machine with a little bit of vocals that are more spoken word than singing. And though the beat sticks to 4/4 the artist uses slight, subdued variations in rhythms to add dimension to the tracks. There are also a number of rumors circulating as the producer behind **The Other People Place** has remained anonymous- It is rumored that the artist might be part of the early Detroit duo Drexciya known for their use of techno as a political tool in regards to racial inequality and inner-city recovery. Now, I have to admit that initially I only liked a few tracks but the more I've listened the more I admire the subtleties appreciate the entire work. This is definitely worth a listen, an if you don't like it right away tune your ear closer.

-Zeta

Gorillaz
G-Sides
EMI

Still enjoying success both in mainstream and alternative scenes, this talented group of musicians needn't put out another release for some time. But perhaps they felt they had more tasty tracks to offer the public than would fit on their first CD. Fortunately, they had such tracks and felt



the need to release them as G-Sides, a 9-song EP steeped in the Gorillaz vibe. Dan 'The Automator' gathered some quirky samples, which grace the album in many places. Opening the CD is the Soul Child remix of 19-2000, which has had much success in commercial radio stations. Thanks to collaboration with Phi Life, there's a smattering of hip hop, including an alternate version of Clint Eastwood. The other tracks range from the ambiently-voiced Faust (a journey through the land of synths overdubbed with bi-lingual vocals), to the moody Latin Simone (yes, it is heavily influenced by latin music), and all the way to "Ghost Train", a chunky groove alternating with frantic choruses. End it off with the happy acoustic guitar driven "12D3", and you've got 38 minutes of Gorillaz goodness.

-Jason Trill

Reid Wilson
Reaeidable
Tightywhitey

Reid Wilson is a local artist with an incredible voice and a great talent for stringing words together. *Reaeidable* is folk music for the 21st century, with songs about STDs, bread makers, and addiction. The opening track "Flakes in a Bowl" gets things rolling with unusual word couplets tumbling from the speakers and excellent guitar work. Another track displaying Reid's song writing is "Vitamins and Minerals," which contains this chorus "Don't give me fighting men and funerals/Just give me vitamins and minerals". The whole recording is just Reid and his guitar, with a little well placed percussion. Some other tracks that stand out are "Two," "Babylon" and "The Drunken Ballad of Moe and Ben." This CD can be mulled over for the meanings of the rhymes in each song or just listened to in background, because the guitar work is incredibly stunning.

-Rob Pingle

Sarah Shannon
Sarah Shannon
Casa

It seems the indie-rockers have all grown up. In the early nineties, Sarah Shannon won over many indie-rock hearts as the singer of Velocity Girl - as one of my forgotten favourites, I was quite excited to find out that she is still recording music. With the exception of a few obscure EP's (one as Starry Eyes with a few other ex-VG members, and another on her own) this is Shannon's first major release since the break-up of Velocity Girl back in 1996. The sound is not what you might expect. It's very crisp sophisticated pop, as opposed to fuzzy guitar rock. There is also a very clear turn towards jazz, with the inclusion of horns and pianos. A few songs such as "What's Mine" and "Are You Far Enough" aren't too distant from some of the poppier moments of later Velocity Girl, but otherwise,

the only thing familiar is her voice. Of course, as wonderful as Velocity Girl was, it's a delightful change. Old fans who want to relive their youth will have to dig out their old records. This record is intended for those fans who want to grow up.

-David Boffa



Unwritten Law
Elva
Interscope

Another catchy pop/alternative album to hit the already overflowing shelves of Wal-Mart. Filling Unwritten Law under punk would be a disgrace to all those that put in an effort to produce quality independent punk. Unwritten Law are poppy alternative music with heavy emphasis on catchy melodies and an emotionally savvy lyrical style. The quality of the tracks on this album vary dramatically. "Hellborn" and "Babalón" both sound like Rocket from the Crypt whereas tracks such as "Actress, model" sound as if it's straight out of Mall pop heaven. Overall the album boasts a diverse array of pop/alternative styles with good musicianship. If you like the commercial music they play on most radio stations than this would probably float your boat, otherwise *Elva* would just sink it.

-Duncan Cairns-Brenner

Various
Another Year on the Streets [Volume 2]
Vagrant Records

When you've got some strong favorites on your label (such as The Get Up Kids, and The Anniversary) a sampler of unreleased and soon-to-be released material should be a winner. Such is the case with Vagrant Records' *Another Year on the Streets*, [Volume 2]. This CD has enough crunchy emo and punk to quench anybody's aggressive aural thirst, and a peppering of chillin songs to soothe the Savage Beast (or any beast, really). The mood slides from fun get-up-and-move-around songs, to moody and self-exposing songs about love gone wrong and the evils in the world, and even occasionally brings the listener's heart up with genuine happiness conveyed through beautiful melodies. There is enough variety in this release to avoid boring people, but it all runs in the emo and punk vein, giving it a cohesive quality. The overall feel of this CD is much like a new mix tape, ready-made for your listening enjoyment.

-Jason Trill

Stephen Basho-Jungens
Waters in Azure
Strange Attractors

In the tradition of Loren Mazzacane Connors and Eugene Chadbourne comes this new disk from experimental guitarist Stephen Basho-Jungens. You'd never think a steel guitar recorded with no overdubs could make such a varied and complex sound. This sound is channeled in various ways on the 3 different sections of the album from a crazed Fahey-esque playing ranging to the last track that sounds as if it could be a guitar piece from a minimalist Terry Riley composition. In fact the last track is dedicated to expressionist artists Yves Klein and Mark Rothko. (could the album title be an allusion to Klein's patented colour blue?). The emotional depth created through a musical colour field remains and the tribute makes sense. A surprising album that plumbs the depths of guitar playing that reminds us nothing is true - everything is permitted.

-Adam Jones

The Distillers
Sing Sing Death House
Hellcat/Epitaph

Pan into a coffee shop. The café is filled with students and people who dress like they jog a lot. The Camera stops and focuses on two young men, looking disenfranchised[sic]. They are discussing an important issue. "...really dude, I fuckin' hate bands with chick singers. I mean, I'm all about rock and roll and equality but I can't stand a girls voice." "Yeah, I'm not into chick bands either. But that chick from No Doubt is really fuckin' hot. I wish she'd appear in Maxim one day..." "Oh, dude I just spilled my coffee on my pants. It looks like I pissed my self." Cut the scene. Fade into another coffee shop to two other young men having a discussion even more important than the last. "So I got that new Distillers disk the other day. It's really good. Lots of anger and power chords... Too bad it's the guy from Rancid's wife." "Yeah, I stopped listening to punk after Profane Existence stopped releasing records. Mr. Brett is a capitalist asshole. I heard Hellcat and Epitaph were distributed by Sony. I can't buy into that scene it's so superficial." "I know what you mean but I still like the album, although I felt kinda weird buying the new issue of MMR at the same time." "Yeah, but Tim's dead so who cares any more..." Roll the Credits.

-Simon G.

[Editor's note: if you cannot understand satire or other higher modes of communication then disregard the previous review...perhaps you should read Monday magazine instead.]



Have you ever wondered how your mother made those lovely big woolly balls when you were a tiny tot?

She volunteered at CFUV.

Ah yes, sweet memories are made of this...

Volunteer at CFUV 101.9 FM this Summer

